THE

ORDEAL.

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POLITICAL.

" Hear and judge:—The Cortes those ancient sureties of our freedom, will " be re-established, more powerful and better constituted than they had ev- " er been: they shall be assembled every three years, and as often as the " wants of the nation shall make their assembling necessary. The yearly " expenditure of the royal establishment shall be limited; the sum taken " out of the royal treasury for that purpose shall never be increased; it shall " only be the half of what has hitherto been appropriated to the same pur- " pose. The Roman catholick religion shall be exclusively that of Spain; " no other worship shall be permitted. Add to this, that useful reforms will " be gradually made in all the departments, publick credit shall be restored, " the debt shall be fixed and paid off in a few years. The adminstration of " justice shall be made certain by invariable rules. The sovereign authority " shall not be permitted to influence its course."—*Proclamation by the Superiour Junta of the Government.*

THE SPANISH CAUSE.

EVERY report from the seat of war in Spain has so evident an effect on the publick mind, and the cause is in truth so interesting in its issue to the prosperity of these states, that any enquiry into the state of present circumstances in that country, will naturally excite attention, however desponding, or however encouraging may be the conclusions, to which a fair examination of probabilities may conduct us. The glorious cause in which the people of Spain are engaged, has kindled the flame of sympathy in every breast throughout Europe. And those persons whose habit is to think as their passions incline them, rather than to reason from the convictions of experience, have long ago driven Bonaparte and his legions behind the Pyrennees, to hide himself from shame, disgrace and discomfiture. When a *whole people*, it was said, shall rise in arms, their force will be irresistible. The French will then be obliged to encounter such enemies as they never yet met in the field, and before whose personal intrepidity, strength and courage the numbers and discipline of their own armies must ultimately give way. It was acknowledged on all hands, that Bonaparte had evidently committed a palpable mistake in his estimate of the Spanish character. Expecting to find them a race sunk so low in degradation, that they would submit to any change of masters without a struggle; and to any pros-

titution to which he might choose to destine them, he found them to his cost an adversary too proud to be commanded, and it is sincerely to be wished, too formidable to be subdued. He aimed at the Castilian honour a blow, which was returned with spirit. But these conclusions were too sanguine and ill drawn to be all true. Bonaparte, to be beaten from his purpose, will take a great many hard blows; and it remains to be seen, whether the Castilian spirit will evaporate, or continue with unabated strength.

The means required to resist the appalling power of the French nation at this time must be formidable indeed. It demands a kind of revolutionary energy to attain the object. Talents, and those of the very highest order, which the occasion must naturally call forth to view, should be sought with avidity, and the command of the armies be confided to men of real ability, and not to any of the impotent adherents of the corruption of the old court. This revolutionary spirit promed well in the first instance: the addresses of the juntas breathed nothing but this energy. They called on the people to restore to the nation *its ancient freedom and original constitution*, they impressed upon their minds the futility of depending upon hasty levies of troops. 'Think you,' said these statesmen, 'that a tumultuous levy of brave inhabitants, without military skill, without chiefs, without money, without magazines, will be able to withstand experienced armies and soldiers grown old in the habits of victory?' They then recommended the true policy 'of avoiding all general engagements,' of making a partizan war upon the French, embarrassing and wasting their armies by cutting off their supplies of provisions, destroying bridges, &c. which kind of hostility the natural situation of Spain, rendered highly probable would be prosecuted with the greatest success. They particularly said, 'it is indispensable that each province should have *its general of known talents*, as much experience as our situation permits.' The affairs of the patriots, from the energy, and at the same time the circumspection with which they were governed, under all the aspects in which they were viewed, afforded prospects of a successful termination. Still however, no action of equal numbers had absolutely occurred; but the French were driven from the country in all directions, by multitudes of armed peasantry. Yet from the difficulties which the patriots experienced in subduing such detachments of the French armies as were spread about the country, it was reasoned that when Bonaparte, at the head of his forces should arrive in Spain, that success which over the small bodies of troops had been oftentimes retarded, would be no longer attainable. It was always hoped that the patriotism of the times would not be disheartened by any temporary successes of the enemy, (for the appearance of new and inexperienced levies before veterans almost always terminates in defeat) but that the disasters of the Spanish would afford them lessons of wisdom and teach them to profit by their first errours, so that at last they might be able to make an efficient stand. Experience

had convinced most thinking men, that the popular indignation would soon subside, unless it were constantly excited. The height of rage was therefore the proper time to secure a permanent force, by proper enlistments, and the introduction of a system of discipline which might be permanently useful. The American revolution had afforded abundant proofs of the want of efficacy in a militia inlisted for only a year, when they were allowed to return home; it was therefore hoped that the Spaniards would contrive to raise a large army which should be durable, and be placed under the direction of such faithful officers as might hereafter insure success, even against such troops as Napoleon could bring into the field. The regulations of the Supreme Juntas were in some respects well calculated to effect so desirable an end; they required the services of all citizens without regard to rank; but there may exist some doubt of the excellence of the system on which they were enlisted. The services of all the male inhabitants from the age of *sixteen to forty-five*, were put in requisition for the army. They were divided into three classes: the first class were all volunteers who chose to enlist, and they held themselves ready to march at a moment's call: the second class consisted of unmarried persons and married men and widowers *without* children; these were to be called upon when their services should be required: the third class, composed of married men and widowers *with* children, were only to be required to attend the army in the last resort, when it should become necessary to sacrifice their lives to save their country. Of these three classes, the first was called into immediate service; they were *volunteers*, stimulated by their patriotism, ambition and courage, and probably the flower of the Spanish people. As they were not selected from any particular rank in life, it is somewhat an interesting subject of enquiry to ascertain their comparative excellence to French veterans, when brought into competition.

The great perfection of a military system consists in the prompt and complete submission to superiour orders; not merely review submission, but an obedience which shall induce the soldier to lay down his life at the command of his officer, to encounter every peril and disaster without impatience and without repining. The ardour and enthusiasm of the new levies would undoubtedly carry them a great way in this mode of obedience; but the pride of the Castilian could ill brook the intolerant rigour of a petty disciplinarian, probably placed over him on account of his greater capacity, but inferiour to him in rank. The heart-burnings and jealousies which are the natural effects of the new system, would more than any thing tend to subvert that quietness and strictness of subordination, which is absolutely necessary to complete the soldier for service. We are fearful that the powers of the Supreme Junta may not be sufficient to curb the licentiousness to which this spirit will naturally incline; their proclamations often seem to be in the style of *invitation* rather than of *irresistible authority*.

Our belief therefore, was that the Spaniards would not only be beaten at first, but they would be obliged to fight hard afterwards to extinguish the fire of insubordination that is always generated in new levies, unless they are rigorously watched. If a few defeats do not damp their ardour in the cause, though the immediate effects may seem disastrous, the permanent effect will be favourable. It will teach the superiour officers where to look for the best soldiers, and who it is most advisable to promote; it will serve to 'vent the musty superfluity,' of the times; and bring the precious gems to the light, which had been surrounded and hidden by mean and earthly incrustations.

On the other hand, the *cause* in which they are engaged, presents a permanent *motive* for unremitted exertions; and it will probably keep up a constant stimulus to their bravery, If it does, though Napoleon should march to Madrid and crown his brother Joseph there, still hope would not languish; the Spanish nation would rise behind them after they had passed, and recover their original strength, as a plant which has been trodden down is restored to its former elevation, by means of its natural elasticity. The first battles which have occurred since the entrance of Napoleon into Spain, are by no means so disheartening as might have reasonably been supposed; he has proceeded towards Madrid, and what else could be expected? The policy which the Supreme Junta very wisely prescribe to their generals is by all means to avoid a general engagement. A partizan warfare will *impede* but cannot *stop* the progress of the enemy. Let Joseph be crowned at Madrid. What then? Are the Spaniards of necessity conquered? By no means. All the losses they at present have sustained, are very inconsiderable; and they have met with some success. It does not appear that the *second class of the Spanish people are yet called out.* Let us consider for a moment the extent of the French successes.

The advantages they have gained are evidently exaggerated. The left wing of the Spanish army under General Blake, which has generally been considered completely destroyed, to judge even from the French accounts is by no means in so desperate a condition. It appears the French having received great reinforcements under Marshal Le Febre, the Duke of Dantzick, he joined the division of General Merlin, and attacked Blake on the 31st of October, who was posted at Sonorsa, near Bilboa. The Spanish army, the French accounts assert, amounted to 30,000, the truth is probably less; but at all events, the French were much superiour in point of numbers. After fighting the whole day, the Spaniards abandoned their positions, for fear of being cut off: they displayed great bravery during the action, and they retreated in such order, that General Blake formed a junction of all the corps which had been engaged, and marched them to the heights of Bilboa, stopping on the road to rest for the space of two hours. All the Spanish troops were not engaged in this affair; and Blake, leaving Bilboa un-

der the command of D. Nicholas Mahy, marechel de camp, took a new position at Valmaseda. The numbers of the French became so great that Blake saw the necessity of 're-concentrating' his forces, and gave orders to unite the different divisions; they all effected a junction, excepting the second division of the army of Galicia, which had not been previously engaged. In the mean time he had ordered Bilboa to be evacuated, and the Duke of Dantzick, entered it in the evening of the 1st of November. The loss which either the Spaniards or French sustained in the affair of the 31st was very inconsiderable, and the French bulletin admits 'they took very few prisoners.'

The second division of the army of Galicia, (which could not form a junction with the main army stationed at Guenes,) under the command of Don Vincent Acevedo, was attacked on the 3d of November, and repulsed the enemy. The defeat was not decisive; for the French still maintained a position between Acevedo's corps and the main army; which circumstance induced Blake to make a decisive movement against them. He accordingly divided his army into four divisions; the third commanded by Brigadier D. Francisco Riguelme, was destined to attack the intercepting corps of the French; the fourth marched to Valmaseda, for the purpose of attacking whatever troops they might meet; the first and reserve under the immediate command of Blake, were to proceed to Gordejuela, to cut off the communications between the different French divisions; and the corps of the north remained, as a general reserve. But the French drew off their forces, suffered Acevedo to take an advantageous position, and retreated precipitately. The fourth division of Blake's army, encountered a body of 7,000 of the enemy, at Valmaseda, under the command of the French General Vallet, drove them out of the town and pursued them upwards of a league, took some prisoners and much booty. On the 7th of November, Blake met with a body of French, amounting to 8,000 men, a firing commenced which lasted through the day, when the French fell back; but no material advantage was gained on either side. Blake made a movement from right to left with an intention of attacking them in a new direction; but the inclemency of the night, and the fatigue of the troops induced him to retire to his head quarters at Valmaseda, before day break. The French accounts are completely enveloped in mystery respecting these affairs; all they say is, that had they occurred on the plains instead of on the heights, not a Spaniard would have escaped; they mention no losses sustained on their part, but they think the Spaniards must have experienced a loss of from 3800 to 4,000 men.

After these events, Blake posted himself, November 10, at Espinosa, acccording to the French statement, in a very formidable position. The resistance which the Spaniards had made in the affair of Guenes, had called the reinforcements of Marshals Belluno, and Dalmatia from

Orduna and Burgos to the assistance of the Duke of Dantzick. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Blake's army was attacked by Belluno, and Romano was dislodged from a post which he had taken. Both armies fought until night; and both maintained their positions. At break of day the attack re-commenced, the right of the French was commanded by Le Febre, the left by Victor and the centre by General Maison; while Soult marched towards Reynosa in order to intercept the retreat of the Spaniards. Blake, who had for twelve days been contesting with a superiour force, was now obliged to retreat precipitately. The French say, he abandoned his arms, colours and artillery. But they do not pretend to enumerate the loss which the Spaniards sustained in this action separately considered; they mingle it with the affair which the centre of the Spanish army had had at *Palencia*, near *Burgos*, in which the patriots made no stand; in *both* actions it is stated by the French, that the Spanish loss was 60 pieces of cannon, and 20,000 men killed, wounded and taken prisoners; but as they resort to the artifice of combining the two actions, in order to swell the patriot loss, *particularly as the action at Palencia had been detailed in a previous Bulletin*, we may reasonably conclude, that the French statement, but more especially our fear, has greatly exaggerated the disasters which General Blake has experienced.

These conclusions will be rendered more probable when we consider the little progress which the French have made beyond Espinosa, after the pretended overthrow of Blake. Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia, who had marched in the certainty of intercepting Blake's retreat, so far from accomplishing his object, was at *St. Andero* the next day after the engagement, which is on this side of the scene of action; and the greatest progress, which any of their corps had made in pursuit of the Spaniards, is just within the borders of the province of Asturias; and we have since understood that Blake had taken post at *Villa Vioca*, not very far distant from this spot. The Madrid Gazette, as late as the 29th November, does not mention the defeat of Blake, though the retreat of *Frias*, after the battle of *Burgos and Palentia*, is expressly noticed. The Spaniards at that time were in excellent spirits; they seemed to have expected some reverses; they bore up stoutly against them, and it now remains to be seen, whether after the palpable errours which Castanos and Palafox committed at Tudella, they are still resolute in their hopes, and sanguine of the ultimate success of the struggle. As to Blake our hopes must not wholly sink in despondency; he has proved himself an excellent General, the dispositions of his army the French themselves acknowledge to have been masterly, and from the uncommon caution with which the bulletins are worded, in relation to the operations against him, it is evident they yet consider him a formidable opponent, although they pretend to have caused him to seek his personal safety by flight, and to have completely destroyed his

army. In examining the bulletins it appears as if Blake's army had been completely destroyed *twice* at least, before the battle of Espinosa: but yet at *that time* it seems the struggle was more violent, and the battle longer contested than any one which has occurred since the commencement of hostilities.

CONTROVERSY.

THE editors of the Ordeal have received the following communication from a correspondent, and were doubtful at first of the propriety of publishing it, on account of its being too late to discuss the subject, and of its tendency to excite controversy. But frequency of importunity has at length overcome, or at least overruled their scruples. They take leave however, to observe, that they have on the whole, about as indifferent an opinion of the Pilgrims as the writer in the Repertory, though perhaps on other grounds. EDITORS.

THE PILGRIMS.

Messrs. Editors,

I AM so far from being an enemy to Theatrical Criticisms in general, that I have sometimes dabbled in them myself; but it is my opinion, that while they should always be dictated by a spirit of fair dealing towards the author, even in the most severe animadversions, they should most especially exhibit an apparent intention to benefit the taste of the publick. In reading some remarks on the unfortunate production of *The Pilgrims*, published in the Repertory of Friday, Feb. 24th, I was particularly struck with their want of candour, and their utter destitution of critical knowledge. Some lines in Pope's introduction to the Essay on Criticism, may very fairly be applied to the writer of that communication:

> 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
> Appear in writing or *in judging ill;*
> For of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence,
> To tire our patience *than mislead our sense.*'

I confess myself, sir, a friend to American plays: I am fond of seeing them encouraged. I do not pretend to be acquainted with the author of the Pilgrims, nor even to know *who* he is. I give no credence to common report, for I am sure the gentleman who has the credit of being the author, is far superiour to a composition so generally derided. Yet though I do not pretend to admire the production, I do say that the remarks of the Repertory *fault-finder*, might apply to many other plays as well as the Pilgrims.

Thus for example, we are told 'that this actor was really not calculated to *represent the person* of Gov. Carver in any respect whatever.' If this writer expects that every historical personage is to be represented by an actor *resembling him in person*, it is highly unreasonable. Al-

exander the great, was known to have been rather small in stature; but from the custom of the stage the part has been generally appropriated to large sized actors; because, for *heroick tragedy* such persons are best adapted. Garrick renounced Othello because he was *too small* to give effect to the part. It is not reasonably to be expected, therefore, according to the custom of the stage, that the persons of actors should have any peculiar resemblance to the characters they perform. The charge of the neglect of costume however, has more foundation; but the author knows very little of *our* stage, if he expected to find a strict conformity in this particular, to the fashion of the year 1620. Besides, the audience would have been convulsed with laughter to have seen *our mothers* represented by young women, dressed in *long waists, wide sleeves and ruffs*. The custom has always been to allow the *ladies* to dress in a modern costume in any comedy; so that the Mrs. Fainwould of Congreve, and the Lady Teazle of Sheridan, may appear without impropriety in a similar habit. That this errour should not be suffered is indeed true, much less should the *variety* of costume, which every player exhibits, be allowed; but the ladies will not be laughed at, and cannot be controled.

Our author suggests as a wonder, that the Indians should speak the English language; this is all very true; but I should be glad to know what language he would substitute? If the Indians are to be brought upon the scene, it is necessary that they should have some evident means of conveying their ideas. If this were effected by signs, the play would of necessity be tedious and uninteresting. The only proper way then, is to introduce their thoughts in such English, as might convey the supposed literal meaning of the Indian expressions. Besides the practice of the author of the Pilgrims is in this respect conformable to that of the best English dramatists. It is an argument of *necessity* that characters of all nations should speak English. Thus Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Spaniards, French, Germans, &c. are introduced on the stage, speaking our language, at a time before the English nation was known. I apply a case still more strongly in point; there are PIZARRO and COLUMBUS, one adapted to our stage by Sheridan, and the other written by Moreton, in which the natives of America are introduced, speaking the English language. It is as unreasonable to object to this circumstance, as to say that *aside speeches* should not be spoken loud enough to be over-heard by the other characters on the stage with the person who utters it; when it is evident by such a lowness of voice, the very end of uttering the speech would be lost, since the *audience* would be deprived of the benefit of knowing the intention of the author.

The objections against the *kind* of language made use of by the Indians are sound, because some expressions imply civilization and refinement. 'Seraphs, tales of treachery, types of beauty,' should have no place in the composition of Indian language. The author on

the other hand, is licensed, in order to represent the event of a choice of Carver for governour, to allow him to be proposed on shore. It is incident to Shakespeare and Dryden, to many of the old, and indeed of the modern dramatists, to take similar liberties.

Our author is mistaken when he asserts that the 'metrical composition' delivered by the Genius of Columbia, was not existing at the beginning of the seventeeth century. There are many specimens in ancient dramatists, previous to that period, of compositions of a similar description; but even if it were not the case, was it not a goddess who spoke it? and might she not very fairly be considered to have the right of inspiration?

Whatever charms Oceanus Fuller might have had for our author, we venture to say he would have had very few for the audience generally: and therefore was very wisely omitted. If any coarse expressions were introduced, the writer of the Pilgrims would do well to expunge them, when he prints the Melo Drama; though as this writer observes, that coming from Indians they are no doubt perfectly excusable: which remark however, does not seem to correspond with the censure, which he immediately after casts upon them, when he says 'it should have been remembered, that dirt without wit, is always extremely dirty.'

I will conclude, with remarking to the writer in the Repertory, that as there is nothing easier than to find indiscriminate faults, so there is nothing more difficult than to point out *real* errours and the methods by which they may be corrected. In the first case no body is benefitted; in the last, the author is corrected and the publick taught discrimination.

PETER QUINCE.

REMARKS *on* 'FOSCARI, *or the* VENETIAN EXILE.'

Concluded from page 110.

WE left the parents of Foscari with the council of ten, fruitlessly soliciting his pardon. In the meeting of the father and son, which takes place in prison immediately after this, Foscari is very anxious to be made acquainted with the Fate of Almeria, and learns that she 'lives in a lone retreat;' and he enquires why she does not

'within the bosom of her friends,
Look for that comfort which the world denies?'

The Doge however, for what sufficient reason we cannot discover, refuses to satisfy his curiosity, but tells him he soon shall be informed; and then remarks

'Count Erizzo
Is thy most deadly enemy!
For the present ask no farther of me;'

Now this was superfluous, for Foscari knew it before, as he says

'I know too well, he owes me deadly hate.'

However he comforts himself with the following very natural reflection, and exceedingly ingenious remark!

'O, *if I were free*,
Free from the bonds which so disgrace my name,
This instant would I fly to comfort her,
And clasping her within my arms, defy
His malice, and laugh to scorn his power.'

They depart, Foscari of course giving up all expectation of comforting Almeria in this way, as perfectly idle; in the mean time Policarpo, the assassin, whom Erizzo has employed in his service to watch Almeria, has learned that she and Foscari intend to meet in a bower, before they knew any thing respecting it themselves; and he and the Count enter armed and in disguise. They hide under some elms, and Policarpo advises the Count, who probably was 'a clumsy footed swain,' to 'tread light,' for fear *they should be 'overheard!'* After so necessary a caution, it was natural they should proceed with circumspection. Foscari enters in great despondency; how he gets away from his father and mother, is another affair. But his melancholy is relieved by the sight of, first

'*Th' initials* of *her* name:
Carved upon a tree;'

And then immediately underneath,

'Carv'd *at length* the name of her *Foscari*.'

From this affecting incident, he was roused by the approach of the lady herself. She comes in moralizing upon his picture, and after debating some time whether he is guilty or no, and satisfying herself of his innocence, she exclaims

'O! could I but behold that face again,
But press unto my soul.'

She then discovers him, throws herself into his arms, and enquires

'*Isn't* this a dream of a distemper'd mind;'

After all this she abruptly tells him to

'Avaunt, avaunt thou parricide!' calls him 'unparrallel'd assassin, wretch, a blight that witherest all before' him. Now though this transition of language astonishes, it does not daunt Foscari, and he is so near overcoming all her scruples, that she deems it necessary to fly from him. However, she soon returns, being pursued by Policarpo and Erizzo; Foscari protects her, and in the squabble, the assassin Policarpo, misses his man, and kills the *Count* instead of him. Erizzo, having some compunctious visitings of nature, thinks proper to send for the Doge, and confesses himself the real murderer of Count Dona-

to, and of course establishes the innocence of Foscari. But *he* in the mean time, had departed for the vessel in which he was to re-embark for Candia, and being overcome with agony at parting from his friends, he died before he reached the ship. Almeria runs mad at this event, and in conclusion, every body is as unhappy as so tragick a catastrophe could reasonably make them.

Although the play of Foscari is somewhat better than American dramatick productions have generally proved, it is to the last degree common-place in the conduct of the plot, the language and thought. There are numerous prosaick lines; mere prose 'cuttings of ten syllables,' and the best of the composition affords very little specimen of true poetry. There is sometimes discoverable a taudry embellishment in description, which only serves to render the poverty of the thought it is intended to illustrate still more evident. We do not recollect a single idea contained in this play, which aspires to the praise of excellence or novelty; but a kind of equal mediocrity universally prevails. The following examples, taken at hazard, evidently read as if they were plain prose:

'Weakness such as this will make me spurn thee;
Submit my child unto thy country's laws,
Nor ask of me what 'tis not in my power
To obtain.'

'How often hast thou clasp'd me to thy bosom,
Prest me with thy maternal tenderness,
Supported, carried *me in* those tender arms.
Yet the moment I hope is arriving.

'By heaven, Almeria, I am innocent,
By all that's sacred, THOU dost wrong me.'

Our author's originality of thought and strength of expression are fairly exhibited in this passage.

'Full six long years have past since 'neath these shades
Almeria listen'd to my tale of love;
I do remember the blest evening well;
We stroll'd together from our youthful friends,
And this appear'd the choice propitious spot,
Which tempted me to open all my soul:
Amid these groves *we oft have sat and read*,
And often have I seen her cheek bedewed
With tears, as her soft eyes have past the page
Of e'en fictitious woe.'

We sometimes discover mere transpositions of words, to give the language a poetical chime;

'But hast thou of Almeria yet no news?'

'A most faithful and deserving fellow,
Gomez by name—a man after my own heart.'

The following quotations are better, though by no means remarkably meritorious, since they are in some respects liable to the objection of prosaick expression:

'O what an awful moment of suspense
Is that which separates us from our bliss!
With firmness we resist the ruder shocks,
Which harass and perplex the life of man;
And our fortitude forsakes us only
When those misfortunes, which we dread to meet,
Are just about to vanish.'

'*Policarpo.* Revenge! trust me my friend, it is a jewel,
Which seldom is attain'd, unless dug up
With golden spades: poor men should rest content
To use the spade in service of the rich:
The willing hand may seldom need employ.
Gomez. I understand thee, Policarpo—Well,
Inlist me then, and I'll dig up the mine;
I'll turn up e'en the very hugest mound,
To find this precious gem: I'll labour hard,
Although it should adorn another's brow:
This once I'll find it, should I lose my soul!'

On the whole, though we cannot discover in the composition many of the particulars which constitute an excellent play, yet we are free to say, that we have perceived in the composition of Mr. White, something like genius for the dramatick; and we do not by any means, conclude him incapable of producing an excellent play, merely because his Venetian Exile is not eminent for its success.

FOURTH OF MARCH.

THE meetings of the Friends of the People on this glorious day will be 'multiplied in every section of our country.' Mr. Madison is this day inducted to the chair of state; the people's voice has been elevated in favour of this distinguished patriot, who has long been celebrated for his *love* for the COMMERCE of the United States and the *prosperity of New-England!* Like another Jefferson, he will begin his career all honey and roses; but let us beware of offending him, lest he should afterwards, from the example of his predecessor, diet us with gall and hemlock. Confident of the people's love, he will mag-

nanimously disregard the opinions of Federal disorganizers ; and will hold his course right on, careless of the opposition of opinion.

' Hereafter, free from care his skiff shall glide,
Its compass Folly, Theory its guide
Adown the stream of state ; no rocks t' impede,
No federal shoals to intercept its speed.
And should, perchance, from Eastern climes arise
The howling storm, and darken o'er the skies ;
Though the rent sails be driven before the blast,
The cordage snap, and spring the groaning mast ;
Yet on *one* anchor firm will he confide,
And all the perils of the storm deride.
The *people's favour* is that anchor sure,
With which, through every gale he'll ride secure ;
And though, from want of skill, midst breakers cast,
That ever safely brings us up at last.'

MEETING OF THE PEOPLE'S FRIENDS.

' Let the Press perish,' loud the patriots cry,
' Let the Press perish,' echoing walls reply ;
' Flourish Democracy,' the shout goes round,
' Flourish Democracy,' the walls resound.

A VALUABLE correspondent has been kind enough to favour us with some anticipated Toasts, which are to be given on this day The quotations from various authors will serve to show the erudition of the democrats, as well as their enthusiasick patriotism.

TOASTS.

THE OCCASION. Glorious in the American annals ; though ' the dawn is overcast' and the ' tempest growls,' may the ' rays of the sun and the genial breeze,' make our difficulties ' vanish like the snow' in our streets ; and ' may the *pack horse* of delusion no longer carry ammunition through our country, to blow up the administration,'* which now comes into power.

JAMES MADISON, ESQ. The worthy successor of the illustrious THOMAS JEFFERSON, ESQ.

' Our rulers must in turn obey,
' That every dog may have his day.'

* Chronicle.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH, 1809.

'The great, the important day,
'Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome;'

May our Federal Cæsars be *slumped* in the quick sands of Numidia before they can get to *Utica*,

'Where Cato gives his little senate law.'

BRITISH HIRELINGS. May those Tories who are paid for changing our constitution in British GUINEAS, never be able to obtain an American CROWN.

Confusion to the Press and Federal Printers.

'Tis clear enough we cannot get along,
Unless we shackle every Federal tongue;
Our fame in garb inviolable dress,
And bind in chains the freedom of the press.
And though with *them* 't were base, with us 'tis fit,
Since "one man's poison is another's meat;"
Nor does the adage in this case hold true,
That "Sauce for goose is sauce for gander too."

The Principles of Democracy. We hold them to be 'the *ark* of our safety, and the *rock* of our defence,' and clinging to them, we must either *sink* or *swim*.

The Republican Majority in Congress.

Wizards know their times;
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when scritch-owls cry and ban-dogs howl,
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

The '*morbid state of the Federal Body.*' May the grand restorative of '*military tonicks*' be rigorously applied to it.

The *conclusive* EMBARGO. 'Your majesty' and we that have empty purses, 'it touches not us;'

'Let the *gall'd* jade *wince*, our withers are unwrung.'

LIEUT. GOVERNOUR LINCOLN. Whose *inimitable* speech has promulgated doctrines, which his conduct as Commander in chief has confirmed.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. His second retirement to the mountains, equally evincive of patriotism as his first was of bravery, will 'tell well in history.' Song—Go to the devil and shake yourself. [We shall endeavour to obtain a copy.]

VOLUNTEERS.

One of the committee being called on for a toaſt, rose. 'Mr. President,' said he, 'people in general may suppose I am not firm in my adherance to the cause, on account of my having once supported opposite principles. But, sir, I wish to have it understood, in order to show the *stability* of my opinions, and the *disinterestedness* of my republican attachment, I rise to give the health of that *undeviating* patriot, the Hon. Wm. K——g. 13 cheers—*Vicar of Bray.*

By the God of War.—*A Military Academy.*
Delightful task, to *fetch* the soldier up,
And teach the young republicans to *shoot.*
9 cheers; 'shoot the Feds,' from all quarters.

By Mr. K——n.—May the Spanish Patriots soon be *cut out* by Boney, and all the Tories in this country receive a complete *suit* of tar and feathers. *The Done-over Tailor.*

After several of the leaders had retired, a *gentleman* from the North End addressed the company. 'As the Doctor and the General and the Marshal are gone,' said he, 'I s'pose I'm a right to speak. I own I don't feel what is called comfortable. To be sure I can't complain of the goodness of the dinner, or its cost, because the *extra* is made up by our leaders, but confess I had rather a dined somewhere else.—Your damask curtains, and sillabubs, and flummery, may suit the Essex Junto and the Spanish Junto, and them folks, but it don't suit me. Its what none of us hav'nt been used to. I therefore move that the wine on the table be cork'd up and sent back to the landlord, and that we adjourn to the Green Dragon, to spend the rest of the evening in a *truly republican* fashion.' (*Carried by acclamations.*) What took place at the adjournment, we have not yet learned.

BOSTON THEATRE.

'Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more;
'Macbeth hath murder'd sleep.'

WE have always believed that whatever is exhibited for publick encouragement, is a subject of publick investigation; and that the performers of the Stage, in a particular manner, are open to general criticism, not only from a right of prescription, but from the sound reason on which the practice is founded. Whoever pays the price of his ticket is immediately invested with the authority of a judge; and of course has an unquestionable right to *hiss*, or otherwise condemn those performers who are imperfect in what they undertake to play; whether

from natural ignorance, perverse inattention, or offensive intoxication. The performers of the Boston Theatre, we presume, have formed a resolution not to suffer any animadversions to be made upon their conduct before the publick (and with no other have we any concern); since we were yesterday most violently assailed by one of them, who declared he had neither *insulted nor offended* the audience, on Mr. Bernard's benefit night, and of course that the insinuation contained in the last Ordeal, was FALSE. We take it for granted the audience are the true judges, whether they have been *offended or insulted* or not, and the best expression of the sense of such offence or insult is a *general hiss!* But Mr. Caulfield says he did not *offend or insult* them, and we have declared the contrary. Now, we are not so foolish as to imagine that if we *prove* this performer to have been intoxicated, on Mr. Bernard's benefit night, that the circumstance will be sufficient to convince *him* of the offence or insult. We presume he will hereafter be as ready as he has been before, to come forward to the audience, both deficient in his part and reeling in his liquor; and bustle through the performance without either correctness or sobriety.

This kind of conduct in him, and this alone, restrained us from inflicting as far as lay in our power, such personal chastisment as his unparalleled insolence of deportment most uuquestionably deserved. But if we are ever *obliged to descend* to act the part of a gladiator, we hope we shall perform it with propriety, and not reduce ourselves to the level of every bachanal who may happen to offend or insult us.

Mr. Caulfield was announced to sing the song of *Hail Columbia*, for the benefit of Mr. Bernard. He appeared before the audience, and made some fruitless efforts to effect the object in contemplation; but in vain,

'Twice he essay'd to speak, and twice his tongue,
'In his half open'd mouth, suspended, hung.'

He first attempted an apology, then tried a second time to sing; failed again, and then sat down. It might have been supposed that his words were frozen in Nova Zembla, had it not been evident that they were floating at random in a *warmer* region. The audience, at least, those with whom we have conversed, are with us in the opinion, that Mr. Caulfield both offended and insulted them on this occasion, and the best proof they could possibly advance of the truth of this assertion, is that they gave him a pretty general hiss.

If Mr. Caulfield supposes, that because he may have been correct in his various parts, and in his sober senses, for a few weeks, he ought not to be censured for his misconduct on Washington's birth night; the answer is apparent, that such disgrace is the more inexcusable on that very account; since it proves at once, his *capability* of doing well, and his want of shame in *neglecting* to do well.